IN MEMORIAM.

15.D.7
5646

Mrs. Louisa Dickinson Greene:

A dutiful Daughter, an affectionate Wife, a faithful Mother, a devoted Christian.

BORN JULY 14, 1830.
DECEASED MARCH 29, 1881.

Beati mortui, qui in Domino moriuntur.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Regional Library System

http://www.archive.org/details/memorialsermonpr00wood

S15.07
5646

MEMORIAL SERMON:

PREACHED APRIL 1, 1881, AT THE FUNERAL OF

MRS. LOUISA DICKINSON GREENE,

WIFE OF

REV. JOHN M. GREENE,

PASTOR OF THE ELIOT CHURCH, LOWELL, MASS.

BY REV. C. L. WOODWORTH, OF BOSTON,

Secretary of the American Missionary Association.

LOWELL, MASS.:
VOX POPULI PRESS: HUSE, GOODWIN & CO.
1881.

[*The following extracts are among the pencil-marked passages in some of the works which Mrs. Greene loved to read.* — *F. M. G.*]

"To have a right view of it [the providence of God], it must be taken altogether, and not by parcels. Pieces of rarest artifice, while they are a making, seem little worth, especially to an unskilful eye, which, being completed, command admiration." — Archbishop Leighton.

"Holiness comprehends all the true virtue of a good man; his love to God, his gracious love to men, his justice, his charity, and bowels of mercy, his gracious meekness and gentleness, and all other true Christian virtues that he has, belong to his holiness."

"The holiness of God . . . is the same with the moral excellency of the divine nature, or his purity and beauty as a moral agent." — Jonathan Edwards, Sen.

"The stones which are appointed for that glorious temple above, are hewn, and polished, and prepared for it here; as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountains for building the temple at Jerusalem." — S. T. Coleridge.

SERMON.

"*Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.*"—JOHN xiv: 1, 2.

THERE are hours in life when only a sense of God can still our hearts and assure our hope. The disciples, to whom our Lord addressed the words of the text, were amid the experiences of such an hour, and needed to be reminded that God lived, and that Christ was Mediator and King. They were shocked beyond measure at his own words, — that one of them should betray him; that *he* was to depart out of the world, and go to the Father. How could they endure the sundering of ties so mysteriously knit and strengthened; the overthrow of hopes growing with the years, and about to be realized, as they thought, in the re-establishment of the throne of David? With his betrayal and death, what was there to hope for? With the eye on earth and time, nothing was left.

The grand venture was a disastrous failure, from which there seemed no possibility of recovery.

It was in these circumstances that the Lord recalled their minds to a higher faith, and taught them to rest their expectations on an ever-living God and Saviour.

We, to-day, like those early disciples, need to have our thoughts recalled from the wreck of earthly hopes to the certainties of God and of our Father's House, in some *one* of whose *many* mansions a glorified Redeemer has prepared a place for us. Though our friends die, our plans miscarry, and our expectations lead on to ruin, yet God lives, Christ ever intercedes, and Heaven is a glorious and eternal reality.

Do we not know that on Tuesday evening, Heaven came down to Earth, and in an hour Earth went up to Heaven, leaving in our Father's House one of the fairest and saintliest of his daughters? She is not lost, but gone before; an *earnest* of the fulfilment of his own promise when on earth,—that he would come again and receive them unto himself; that where *he* was, there should they be also. Our sister has met her Elder Brother in her Father's House. Do we understand? Father's House? Home,—the place for a weary, loving child.

May we conceive such a home, and try for a little to picture some of the attractions it will have for the children of God, as one after another they

are gathered within its many mansions? May we try to follow the dear departed, and enter into her experiences as she treads the majestic Halls, and exults amid the glories of her Father's House?

1. I can imagine that her first sensation, on entering the heavenly mansions, was a delightful home-feeling, and that her first exclamation was, "How perfectly homelike everything is!" The whole surrounding will have such a home-look, every sight and sound and object will seem so familiar that the new-arrived will be completely at her ease, and intuitively understand the place, and the use and meaning of everything. Nothing will be strange: the voices will seem familiar; the faces those of old acquaintances; the occupations the oldest and the sweetest of life.

True, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for his children; but when they are revealed to them in the heavenly world, they will say, "These are like my Father, and only what we expected of Him." Heart will so enfold and interpret heart, that surprise will be impossible, and love will be ready for anything.

2. But while this is true, our Father's house will be especially attractive, because we shall find there the loved and the lost of our earthly life. We consider our earthly life an end, not a means; and hence find it so difficult to make the *future* life the continuance and the outcome of the present.

Could we make the two worlds but separate provinces of the one King, and a human life but a transfer from one to the other, these brief separations would not seem such a wrench to faith and love.

But all this will be adjusted on the other side, where we shall clasp to our bosoms again the friends we consigned to the grave with tears. They have simply preceded us a little; the circle, narrowing here, is enlarging there. One by one *they* pass on till, left alone, *we* at last shall wait the joyful hour which may summon us to our kindred. And so it is that Heaven comes nearer, and grows dearer, as it gathers into its bosom the objects which have thrown a grace or a charm over the scenes of our earthly experience. In our Father's House we shall find the missing,—they are there safe, and *waiting* for us.

3. There will be there, too, the open vision of our Father Himself. Not through a glass darkly, not by faith shall we behold Him, but we shall see Him face to face; and we shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. How much that means I cannot explain; for all its depth and fulness we must wait for the revelations and experiences of the other side. This much I know, he has planted in our hearts a filial wish to be with *him*, and to behold his glory. And this is his promise,—we shall see him as he

is; we shall be made strong in his strength, pure in his purity, great in his greatness, and glorious in his glory. It is this hope which answers every doubt, stills every murmur, lightens every burden, and quickens the step onward. We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ; we are going home to claim our inheritance, to be with our Father, and to find the loved ones who have passed into the skies.

4. But amid that shining crowd will be a central figure, which will hold all eyes and ravish all hearts. I think we shall know him by an instinct more subtle than that by which the mother knows her child. His human form, glowing with the splendors of divinity, will invite confidence and love. Ringing through the chambers of memory will come back his words, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." During eighteen centuries these words have been chiming their music amid the discords of a dying world. They have soothed the anguish of the departing, dried the tears of the mourner, and sent joy through earth and heaven.

Not many days ago, my eyes beheld the tattered flags that were lost on the field of battle, where scores and hundreds of brave men gave their lives for their country. Through all these years the hearts of the men, who had marched and fought beneath those banners, yearned for a sight of them

again. At last, the vision was permitted. And as the curtain lifted, and the old familiar colors waved again before them, the men leaped to their feet, and, with streaming eyes and loud acclaim, saluted the emblems, which had meant to them everything heroic and noble and grand.

Ah! when mine eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, — the Captain of my salvation, my Elder Brother, — who tasted death for me, and purchased the eternal inheritance, will not my lips break into the song: "Unto him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen"?

5. But I may not linger here. In heaven we shall find all who are good and pure and true. The angels who have desired to look into the deep things of redemption, — who have joyfully come down to earth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation, — the *one* who had *us* in special charge, and knows perfectly our moral history, — *that one*, favored above all others, whose supreme errand it was to strengthen our Saviour when he entered on the bloody passages of the garden and the cross, — these we shall know, and from them learn the history of man's fall and man's redemption.

We shall form acquaintances and intimacies among all the ranks of holy beings. All that is great in

heroism, splendid in achievement, grand in suffering, beautiful in faith, and charming in love, will be found in our Father's House. The ancient worthies — prophets, apostles, martyrs — Moses, Isaiah, David, Paul, and John; all who have a brother in the Son of God, and have kept the faith; angel and archangel, seraphim and cherubim, — a magnificent company, — all will be there.

When I think of individuals in this great family, it seems to me if I could hear Isaiah, under the perfect vision of the throne, discourse in the style of his sublime old prophecies,; if I could listen to the harp of David, now strung and swept by angel fingers; if I could hear Paul expound the doctrines of grace after an experience of ages in glory, I could sit at their feet forever.

6. These springs of blessedness will be full, this bond of perfectness will be complete, it seems to me, when the full consciousnsss dawns upon us that we are met, at last and forever, in sacred reunion in the grand old family homestead. "I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." That is enough, — we shall be where He is.

Truly that is a Home with a meaning, is it not? where the good of all worlds are to be gathered into our Father's House! How the halls of the Old Mansion will echo to the feet of the children, and its arches, from foundation to turret, ring with their

glad voices, — in the flush of perpetual youth, in the harmony of one joy and work and love, brothers and sisters, — a royal company at home forever!

"Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting time, the eternal day,
Our meeting place, the eternal home.
There hand in hand firm linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We 'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all."

In that Home, with its high fellowships, its unending beatitudes and satisfactions, we leave our sister. But before we bid her a long farewell, we may linger a little over the life which led on to so blessed a Home and to so glorious a future.

Mrs. Louisa Dickinson Greene was born in Amherst, Mass., July 14, 1830. She was the daughter of Daniel and Tammy Eastman Dickinson. Her ancestors,* on both sides, for six generations, were

* Her paternal ancestor, Nathaniel Dickinson, came from England in 1637, only seventeen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and settled in Wethersfield, Conn. There he was town clerk, and representative to the general court eleven consecutive years. In 1659 he became one of the first settlers of Hadley, which included Amherst. There he was deacon, and first recorder. He died in 1676, at an advanced age. His son, Nehemiah, died in his seventy-

devout Christian people. Her own home was of the Puritan type, in which religion and the things of another world were a daily concern. Her childhood was in a quiet farm-house, — wholesome, industrious, strong, — and unmarked by anything more eventful than the ordinary life of the village.

---

ninth year. Samuel, the son of Nehemiah, was deacon, and died aged sixty-five. Azariah, son of Samuel, was deacon, and died aged eighty-two years. Azariah, son of Azariah, died at the age of sixty. Daniel, son of Azariah last named, died in 1874, at the age of eighty-one. He was the father of Mrs. Greene. He was the captain of a cavalry company which was enrolled for service in the war of 1812. During forty years he held a commission and did duty as justice of the peace. He represented the town of Amherst more than once in the general court. He was also a *pillar* in the church.

Here are six generations of ancestors, all bearing Scripture names and all having godly characters. They held places of trust and honor in the church and state.

Her maternal ancestor, Roger Eastman, came from England in the ship "Confidence," in 1638. He settled in Salisbury, Mass., where he died in 1694, aged eighty-three years. In the sixth generation of stalwart, godly descendants from him is Mrs. Greene's mother. She is now seventy-nine years of age, with little decline in her faculties, and full of faith, hope, and charity.

Mrs. Greene's maternal grandfather was Capt. William Eastman, of Granby. He was also esquire. Her maternal grandmother was Tammy Read, a sister of Hon. Nathan Read, member of congress and a noted inventor. — J. M. G.

There was, however, about her home and among her kindred, an intellectual atmosphere which acted upon her as a constant mental tonic, and spurred her to the acquisition of knowledge and the training of her own mind. Her uncles on her father's side, — Rev. Austin Dickinson and Rev. Baxter Dickinson, D. D., — and ministerial relations on her mother's side, were a mental and moral force of which she could not be unconscious. She could count twenty-one own uncles, brothers, and cousins, who were ministers of Christ, some of them marked men, and distinguished for ability and influence.

Her mental and moral growth seem to have kept pace with each other, for at the early age of twelve years, she united with the Congregational Church in North Amherst. In 1847, she entered the Middle Class in Mount Holyoke Seminary, and spent one year under the instruction of Mary Lyon. It need not be said that such a pupil, under such an instructress, would make rapid progress in wisdom, as well as knowledge; in grace, as well as in understanding.

The next year she spent in Bradford Female Academy. Without completing the course in either seminary, however, she in 1849 entered the teacher's ranks, and taught successfully in New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts. In 1856, she returned to South Hadley, and graduated in the full course in 1857. She was at once invited to become a teacher in the Seminary, but declined, in order to accept an

invitation to woman's truest and noblest sphere in life, that of wife and mother.

She was married to Rev. John M. Greene, Sept. 30, 1857. In this relation, as the wife of a Christian minister, with her multiplied and arduous duties, and as the mother of children, — two of whom went to heaven before her, and four of whom survive, — she wrought her great life-work. The finished product is now before us. What she did, and what she was, is now matter of history. She, in her low estimate of herself, and in her exceeding severity of judgment upon her own acts and motives, would doubtless have wished many things changed; but what one thing do her friends recall, to-day, that they would have different, unless it were that devotion to her family, her church, and the welfare of others, which consumed her life?

Her husband's first parish was in Hatfield, Mass., where he was settled Oct. 20, 1857. At the close of the day, the young wife makes this first entry in her journal: "To-day, my dear husband has been ordained over this church and society. My heart has been too full for utterance all the day. Oh, may God smile upon the relation, now existing, of minister and people! May we enter upon our life-work with true views of our duty, and a sincere purpose — God helping us — to perform it; doing all for His glory!"

Standing by her bier, to-day, with her finished life-

work before us, who will say that the vow was not kept, and the prayer was not answered? This simple entry in her journal, that first night of the new pastorate, was the key-note to all her subsequent life.

On the 8th of January, 1859, a new chord was touched in her bosom, — the deepest and richest that ever vibrates in a woman's heart. She became a mother; a baby boy was placed in her arms. The record in her journal is: "I was made a happy mother by the birth of my precious baby. My little one! My heart is, every day, throwing out new tendrils to encircle him. Oh, may as many reach out towards my Saviour!"

How happy such a mother, and how well prepared to receive such a trust! But two years later, on the 27th of January, 1861, this is the entry she made in her journal: "This morning, just as the bell ceased tolling for church, the spirit of our darling Johnnie returned to God who gave it. Our child is safe. The Good Shepherd carries one of our precious lambs in his bosom. I cannot murmur. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His holy name!'" How the spirit of the mother — yearning, loving, devoted — shines out in these records; but the spirit of Christ, larger, sweeter, more comprehensive and more absorbing, holds and conquers all.

In turning the pages of her journal, written only for her own eye, I am struck with three things:

1. The love and fulness of her mother's heart. On every page, and in almost every line, are the names of her children, — her hopes and her anxieties in their behalf, — her plans, her prayers, her assiduities to train them into right living and into noble characters. Her heart was with them day and night; and, sick or well, she never spared herself that she might minister to their welfare.

2. The second thing which her journal reveals, like an undertone in music, was her thorough sympathy with the ministry of her husband. She carried his parishes on her heart, and identified herself with everything which could advance their interest. Whatever could promote intelligence, true culture, good manners, good morals, or spiritual life, found in her a friend.

For ten years, in Hatfield, she made herself felt in the homes of the people. The aged blessed her. The sick and suffering rejoiced at her coming. The children and youth were glad and happy in her presence. In the Sabbath School, in the ladies' prayer-meeting, from house to house, everywhere, she was the helpmeet of her husband.

It was hard to leave her first home and people as a pastor's wife; but when *he* felt it his duty to accept a call to South Hadley in 1868, she acquiesced, and entered into the work of the new parish with the same zeal and delight as she had in the old.

And when, two years later, the call came to this

church, she only said to her husband, "Do what you think is right." He came; and you are witnesses how she has made all your interests her own.

I find this simple but touching entry in her journal, respecting her coming to Lowell: "We have said 'Good-bye' to our dear South Hadley home and friends. The last day of June, with my five children, I came to Lowell. We find a warm-hearted people, and work enough to do." Yes, yes; a warm-hearted Christian woman came to a warm-hearted people, and gave herself to the abundant work that waited to be done! The busy hands will toil no more; the hurrying feet are still!

And she came not only to work, but to suffer. In a few months sickness invaded the parsonage: the children, one after another, were smitten with scarlet fever. The pet lamb of the flock was taken; but she did not murmur. She writes in her journal, — and I know of nothing in literature sweeter or finer: "I tried to make him happy. I love to think of his beautiful life of four years. I thank God that He gave him to us; and now that He has taken him to Himself, I pray that I may say from the heart, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.'" The mother, deep, strong, and full; but greater than the mother, the Christian!

Another entry in her journal about this time reads: "Four of our little ones are convalescent, and we hope the Good Shepherd will leave them

with us a while longer. I feel that I have made a new consecration of them and of myself to Jesus, willing to do or be anything and go anywhere for Him." What can be grander, what more sublime than this? "*Willing to do or be anything and go anywhere for Christ!*" What missionary or martyr ever had a more consecrated spirit than this?

With all her children sick, and one of them taken from her, and afterwards her husband prostrated by illness, it is not strange that the watchings and anxieties and burdens ate in upon her never robust strength. But she *would* toil on at what she considered the post of duty, refusing the rest which others sought for her, till five years ago she was brought low by severe sickness.* She suffered much and long, and her physicians and friends feared then that her work was done. But she rallied at length,

* She had a third attack of rheumatic fever, which resulted in an organic disease of the heart. Ever since, she has been conscious that the thread of life was very slender, and might at any moment be sundered. But the heroic soul within has been undaunted, and to them who have known her condition she has been a marvel of courage, cheerfulness, perseverance, and endurance. The last five years of her life have been characterized by a peculiar mellowness, sweetness, saintliness. Her spirit, before beautiful, tender, sympathetic, became now almost divine. She seemed to walk with the celestials and have immediate communion with God and Christ; and she had a peace which flowed on, deep, strong, and calm, like a mighty river. — J. M. G.

and came back to her accustomed place and work in life. But the disease left its mark upon her, and she was ever after conscious that she might be summoned away at any moment.

The end came in the manner she had anticipated it might.* The conflict was short and sharp, the pangs severe; but she conquered death, and rose to glory. What a day was that to her, — busy the live-long hours with her household cares, cheerful, joyous; and, with the coming of the stars, going Home to be with Christ!

3. But there is a third characteristic which her journal makes plain, — it was her broad sympathy with Christ, with whatever was good, and with whatever appealed for charity and aid. She watched the spread of the Gospel with the deepest interest. She could not bear to see Christ so dishonored among

* As she had expected and desired, death came to her at the last suddenly. All the day, March 29, she was occupied with her duties, as cheerful and happy as ever. Between five and six o'clock that afternoon she entertained, with a noticeable buoyancy and gladness of spirit, a friend who called upon her. But at five minutes after six that evening the summons came, and at eight her feeble, aching heart beat no more. She was conscious till almost the last, and replied to a question not two minutes before the physicians said she had gone. She passed away without a struggle; not even the slightest movement of the muscles, or change in the expression of the countenance, was observable. She seemed as one that fell asleep. — J. M. G.

men. She gave and she prayed for the work of missions, at home and abroad. Her own land lay upon her heart with a peculiar solicitude.

She was anxious that women might do more. She was one of the original signers to the call for the formation of the Woman's Home Missionary Association; and was looking forward to attend an important business meeting of it, the day following her death. Her satchel was already packed with her papers, and whatever she might need for the occasion.

She was heard to say repeatedly, that she had no higher ambition for her children than that they should become home missionaries. She took large and intelligent views of the Kingdom of God, and labored and prayed for whatever might hasten its coming. This was the end of her planning, — this was the meaning of her life.

1. The life and work of Mrs. Greene may be easily characterized. She was a model daughter, wife, mother, woman. Home was her kingdom, and in its quiet duties she was content. She was truly "a prudent wife." To educate her sons and daughters, and leave her husband free to the great work of the ministry, satisfied every ambition. She could not see how woman was made greater, or how she wrought better, by living in the public eye, or acting on the public stage.

To her, nothing could be greater, grander, than to

be the mother and guardian of virtuous sons and daughters. And she *had her reward.* Three of her children are already sheltered within the church-fold, and *all*, she believed, were children of God.* One has consecrated himself to the work of the Gospel ministry, and two are with their mother in heaven.

Compared with such a life and such a work, what are the empty pleasures of luxurious ease, the noisy plaudits of a bustling crowd, or the hungry seekings of a garish, worldly ambition?

> "The mother, in her office, holds the key
> Of the Soul: and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
> *But for her gentle care,* a Christian man.
> Then crown her queen of the world!"

2. Mrs. Greene's qualities of mind and heart may be summed up in a few words. She had a clear and comprehensive intellect, a sound understanding, and a calm and unimpassioned judgment. Her mind was well disciplined by severe study, enriched by good learning, and embellished with the products of true and pure thinking. Her taste was severely simple, — she loved only the genuine and the true, and had no patience with pretence or unreality.

---

* Our children have all joined the church in their early youth, and always at their own request. The youngest, Helen French, aged twelve, joined May 1, 1881. — J. M. G.

Sincerity and simplicity were her jewels. She decked neither herself nor her household with the barbarous trappings and splendors of modern fashion.

She read Edwards on the "Affections," and on the "History of Redemption"; Archbishop Leighton's works entire, and often quoted them; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," with which she was so familiar that she could almost name the page on which any passage might be found. It would be hard to name *three* authors, whose minds were more subtle and metaphysical than these, and yet she read them with the keenest relish and appreciation.

3. If her intellect had more of the ruggedness and grasp than is common to woman, her heart had all the wealth of love and depth of tenderness which belong to her sex. She was gentle, patient, meek, self-controlled and self-forgetful in the highest degree. It is said that she never spoke an angry word to her children. "In her tongue was the law of kindness." She loved her children, and they loved her with an absorbing affection.

4. Her will was the executive of her intelligence and her judgment, and was the perfect master of all her powers. It never wavered, never flinched, when the judgment decided and conscience approved. More than once she was heard to say, "I intend to do right though the heavens fall." Right and duty were, to her mind, tremendous, almost omnipotent words. They would have carried her to the stake

with the same firm and steady step, as they did to her daily cares.

Her piety was not obtrusive; not highly emotional, but intelligent, ethical, *Christly*, holding in subjection brain and heart, hand and will. It was eminently Biblical; for she was a student of the Word, reading, studying, and committing its sacred pages. You can follow her studies and the truths that arrested her attention by the pencilling which underscored the passages of the Holy Book. Next to the Bible, the books she loved most were those which exalted Christ, and unfolded the glories of His person and character, — in Him was all her hope; and in that hour when others trembled, she was calm.

But why should I say more? This people knew her and loved her, and she loved them. They had her heart without any reserve. She bore them on her prayers, she rejoiced with them in their joys, and wept with them in their sorrows. This people was her people, and their God was her God. She can here pray for you no more. She can no more rejoice with you, nor weep with you; but you have her life, you have her example, you have her blessed memory. Walk as she walked; live as she lived; and die as she died, the death of the righteous.

My dear brother, shall I speak of your loss, of the great calamity that has fallen upon you? Rather, let me tell you what a privilege you have had in walking, for twenty-three years, with one so saintly

and so faultless, that she seems, almost, without a flaw. Your heart safely trusted her, and she did you good and not evil all the days of her life. But she was weary, *very weary;* the frail body needed rest. She sighed for Home; she longed for her Father's House. Only *you* and her dear children made her desire to live. For *your* sakes she would have remained longer; but God knew best, and bade her come Home.

"Let not your heart be troubled." In Our Father's House you will find her. Look up. She is not here. She is risen. Lo! she goes before you into Heaven!

These children are motherless to-day; and theirs such a mother as few children ever knew. But you are not orphans. God still lives, and will keep covenant and mercy with the children of His people. Your mother's God is your God. Your mother's Saviour is your Saviour. Remember her sweet and beautiful life. Remember the words she spake while she was yet with you. Walk as she would have you walk; live as she would have you live; and so, at last, you shall meet together in the House not make with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

The Funeral Services.

AT THE HOME.

PRAYER . . . . . by Rev. O. E. Mallory.

AT THE ELIOT CHURCH.

ANTHEM, "*I heard a Voice,*" by the Eliot-church Choir.
READING OF THE SCRIPTURES . . by Rev. Smith Baker.
HYMN, "*Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.*"
SERMON . . . . . by Rev. C. L. Woodworth.
PRAYER . . . . . by Rev. Smith Baker.
HYMN, "*Rock of Ages.*"
BENEDICTION . . . . by Rev. C. L. Woodworth.

AT THE GRAVE.

HYMN, "*Abide with me.*"
BENEDICTION.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[Mrs. Greene kept a journal from the date of our settlement in Hatfield. Her purpose in it was to help herself in the spiritual life. No eye but hers, so far as I know, ever fell on a page of it as long as she was with us. It was strictly *private*. After her departure I felt at liberty to open its pages and peruse its sacred contents. There is not a line in it but what is greatly to her honor as a Christian woman; and I am sure she would be willing that anything helpful to others should be made public. Below I give a few short extracts from her journal and letters. By them she herself speaks, and shows what her inner life was. These extracts, except two, are taken from the first two and last two years of our married life. They may serve as a kind of spiritual portrait, drawn by her own hand. She had a rare combination of virtues, — an untold wealth of affection, good practical judgment, an almost faulty self-forgetfulness, a heroic devotion to duty, an absorbing love for God and Christ, a quiet, gentle, winning manner, and a calm, patient, cheerful spirit that seemed to be above the annoyances of earth. While she kept herself conversant with the literature of the day and with current events, there was no book that she studied so much

as her Bible, no interest so dear to her heart as the Kingdom of Christ. She took great delight in reading the missionary periodicals. She was uniformly happy, viewing, by her strong faith, all the great facts of life from the standpoint of God; and she had the secret of making others happy. She was indeed "a virtuous woman," and "her price far above rubies." In our home she was a ministering angel of wisdom, of tenderness and love. She has taken her heavenward flight and left us to yearn

> "For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

J. M. G.*]

Extracts from her Journal and Letters.

Nov. 1, 1857. — "This has been the first day in the parsonage. We have consecrated our home by prayer; it will be a sacred place. May our earthly home be a sweet reminder of our heavenly home; and its holy joys a preparation for the unalloyed bliss of our 'Father's house'!"

May 8, 1858. — "How frail we are! How easily could God take away our life! How consolatory the thought that we are all at the disposal of an infinitely wise and good Being."

May 9, 1858. — "Finished to-day 'Charity and Its Fruits,' by President Edwards. Hope that I shall be a

* In this Appendix all the matter within [ ] is to be attributed to J. M. G.

more earnest Christian from having read it. Oh, for that love so beautifully portrayed in the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians!"

May 12, 1858. — "The thought that possibly the eternal welfare of an immortal being may be depending on me, is at times almost overpowering."

July 10, 1858. — "My sinful heart has given me work to do. . . . *Resolved*, That I will strive with all my strength to oppose all inclinations that are contrary to what is amiable and Christian."

August, 1858. — "I have just finished Dwight's 'Life of President Edwards.' The most prominent feature in his character, it seems to me, was a powerful determination to do, under all circumstances, what seemed to him duty. We are again in our happy home after a short absence, all in good health. Here is my field of labor. Will it show that I have been faithful? It shall be my daily endeavor to fulfil to the best of my ability the duties that belong to the relations I sustain."

Oct. 20, 1858. — "God has spared us to witness the return of the anniversary of our settlement in Hatfield. The past has been a year of mercies. We have not been exempt from trials; but these, I hope, have been to our profit. I make a new consecration of myself to God. I would be able to see that my path is that of the just, 'that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

Nov. 8, 1858. — "How precious is the love of Christ! How amazing it is! If it is only seen, it will melt any heart."

Nov. 23, 1858. — "My sense of the goodness of God at times overcomes me. It seems as if eternity would not be long enough to recite and praise God's goodness."

Jan. 12, 1859. — "Love is the mightiest power in the universe. It binds man to God and God to man. It converts men into angels, and makes these hearts that else were barren wastes, gardens of the Lord."

March 1, 1859. — "Home, home! how sweet the word is! It seems to me akin to heaven. Mine has ever been a happy home, truly an *emerald* spot, a little Paradise on earth."

May 4, 1859. — "May I 'learn in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content,' and for this I will try the more than magic power of prayer. Prayer has helped me through many a trouble, brought light in seasons of darkness, and strength when else I was only weakness. By prayer we can move the Heart of hearts."

May 18, 1859. — "For all this world I would not shrink from duty. To do my whole duty shall ever be my aim."

June 9, 1859. — "Who can realize the mother's loss when her dear child is taken from her? But she [Mrs. Graves] is an earnest Christian, and I doubt not she will have needed grace to bear her affliction. What would she do without the Rock of Refuge?"

June 25, 1859. — "Prayer-meeting this evening. I think our enjoyment of *social* prayer depends mainly upon our enjoyment of *secret* prayer. And the latter, it seems to me, depends upon our *constancy* in the performance of the duty, upon the earnestness with which it is performed, upon our thoughts of God as our Friend and Saviour, and upon our sense of dependence upon Him."

Dec. 25, 1871.—"The possession of Christ heightens every enjoyment, gives value to every earthly blessing; so that it is literally true that the Christian has of houses and lands, and brothers and sisters, a hundred-fold. As honors, riches, pleasures, friends, are nothing without health; so without Christ there is no real satisfaction, though we are in possession of every earthly good."

[The following is from a letter to Rev. Asa Bullard, dated April 20, 1875:]

"I am endeavoring to teach my children, as my mother instructed me when a child, that the examples, the prayers, and the attentions of the good and wise, are of far greater value to the young than gifts of silver or gold."

March, 1879.—"'Paul called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ, through the will of God.' These words occur often in Paul's epistles. He utters them years after he heard that voice from heaven to which he replied, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"Paul seems to have believed *thoroughly* that he had been called of God. His convictions sank far below the surface. There is no indefiniteness in his language. He does not say, 'Twenty or thirty years ago I thought I was called of God; I do not feel quite so sure of it now.' Oh, no; not a *shadow* of a doubt, all these years, has dimmed his faith in the call.

"It seems to me that in this firm belief, and in his entire surrender of himself to the will of God, is the key to his grand life.

"Bishop Simpson, in an address last winter to the Theological students of Yale Seminary, says: 'The true minister, in the present, as in the apostolic age, is called by the Lord Jesus Christ to his office.'

"But does it follow that only apostles and ministers

are called of God to work for him? Has not every true Christian just as really been called to work for Christ in his sphere, as has the minister in his wider sphere? I wish we could realize more that to be a Christian, in our day, as in Paul's, is to be a *servant* of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that to be a servant in God's household, means, as it does in ours, not *ease, idleness, self*, but *devotion to the interests of another.* To be a *child* in God's family implies, as it does in all well-regulated earthly homes, *loving obedience.* I sometimes think we excuse ourselves from work because we cannot do *great* things. In the natural world, the mountains are fewer than the hills, and the mighty rivers than the tiny streams. But who can say the hills and streams are not as important as the mountains and rivers? God has given to the church but one Paul, but one Luther, but one Watts, one Judson, but he does not despise our lesser gifts and our humbler services."

May 10, 1879. — "I love our dear people in Lowell most tenderly. We have been with them in affliction and trouble, and they have always been true and loving friends to us. They seem to me to be the best people that ever were. How can we repay their kindness and love? I want to live with them and for them; and I want to die with them."

June 30, 1879. — "When we enter our heavenly Rest, it seems to me that the thought that I shall sin no more will be one of the most important elements of that state of perfect blessedness."

July 23, 1879. — "The glory of Christ! how surpassing it is! I do not wonder that hymn-writers recite His praises. Even the faint glimpses that we get of Him in

this world almost overpower us. What will it be to see Him in all His splendor and majesty!"

Sept. 13, 1879.—"What a comfort that in our dark hours we can look to Jesus, with whom is light and hope and every blessing!"

May 6, 1880.—"Our souls can sing of the abundant goodness of God. Oh, that my life even in a small degree corresponded with it! Never was the thought that I am in the hands of God so precious. I desire to lose sight of myself and think only of the glory of God!"

July 17, 1880.—"God has given to us our new church. How delightful it would be if every worshipper in that dear house would give to God his heart, and love and serve Him!"

Aug. 1, 1880.—"My prayer for my children is that they may be earnest and faithful servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. His yoke is easy; His burden is light."

Sept. 20, 1880.—"How great is the sin of ingratitude! With what dislike God must look on a soul that is hourly receiving His blessings, yet makes no loving return to Him. May my *whole* life — my thoughts, emotions, words, acts — all be an expression of my devotion and love to Him who died to redeem me."

Nov. 18, 1880.—"Some talk of the hardships of the Christian life, its self-denials, and the pleasures which they have to forego. But my soul can testify that it is delightful to walk with God. I had rather be a doorkeeper, occupying the humblest place in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents (the palaces) of wickedness. Only those call it hard to be a Christian who do

not yield to the silken cords of love by which our Heavenly Father binds us. To be controlled by love! how sweet it is!"

[In a letter to her mother, dated Dec. 6, 1880, she says:]

"I can well remember when I struggled against discipline; I thought life might always flow on smoothly. But I have learned since, that to have our own way is not so important to *happiness* as to be willing that God should have His way. To some the discipline of sorrow and disappointment is a needful preparation for *usefulness* as well as *happiness*."

[In the same letter occur the words:]

"This thought impresses me, the preciousness of the privilege of doing something to build up Christ's kingdom on the earth. To have it said of one that he loved the church, and worked for it, and contributed to its prosperity, is honor enough, I think."

[In anticipation of commencing in early spring a Mothers' Meeting, she wrote, Feb. 24, 1881:]

"A FEW RULES TO HELP PARENTS.

"I. Never lose your temper with a child. He then feels your *anger* more than his *sin*.

"II. Never frighten a child. That will make him tell a lie the next time he has done something that he thinks would displease you.

"III. Decide in your mind what are the sins which are displeasing in God's sight, and be careful to correct them. Do not threaten and storm at a child. That frightens or confuses him, but does not make him *sorry* for what he has done. He will do the same deed again, if he is quite sure that you will not find him out. What

is needed is to lead the child to see his fault, and touch his heart with contrition in view of it.

"IV. Be sure and keep your child's love. Make a difference between *sin* and the *sinner*. We must follow Christ in using love and sorrow to reclaim wanderers, rather than anger and blows.

"V. Be even in your temper and conduct. Do not censure a child one day because you are tired, and omit the censure another day because you are in better spirits. What is *really* wrong must be wrong every day."

Quotations in her Journal.

[Mrs. Greene has left two books into which she carefully copied some of her favorite pieces. One is devoted to prose, the other to poetry. In her journal also occur quotations. We give below some of the quotations in the journal.]

Esse quam videri.

"We ask God to forgive us for our evil thoughts and evil temper, but rarely if ever ask him to forgive us for our sadness. Joy is regarded as a happy accident of the Christian life, an ornament and a luxury, rather than a duty."—Dr. R. W. Dale.

> "The lowly hearts that lean on God
> Are happy everywhere."

"Do the duty that lies nearest to thee."—Goethe.

"Of the many things hidden from man, the most obscure is the human heart."—Homer.

"If you want to teach a child to be godly, or reverent, or loving, *be* godly, *be* reverent, *be* loving, yourself. There is really greater power in the *atmosphere* of a Christian home, than in its best instructions."

"John Newton used to say that the pressure of his mother's hand upon his head as she knelt by his side in prayer, was felt by him in all the years of his wandering in sin; and that by God's grace the drawing of that hand brought him at length to the feet of Jesus."

"*Labor* on earth; *rest* in heaven."—Luther.

"A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent. Just so a word, a thought from a flying soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal."

"What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? And is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?"—George Eliot.

"Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it, and tried. The actual weight and value of any one are expressed by his spiritual substance. All else is dross."—Dr. Chapin.

"He lives long that lives well; and time misspent, is not lived, but lost."—Thomas Fuller.

[On the fourth page of her journal Mrs. Greene copied President Edwards' "Advice to a Young Convert." And so highly did she value it that several years afterwards she re-copied it, apparently to impress it more deeply in her memory. We subjoin the entire page.]

"*Sabbath, July 18, 1858.*—The following is the advice of President Edwards to a young convert:—

"'1st. Keep up as great a strife and earnestness in religion as if you knew yourself to be in a state of nature and were seeking conversion.

"'2d. When you hear a sermon, hear for yourself.

"'3d. Be always abased for remaining sin, and never think that you be low enough for it; but yet be not disheartened by it; for though we are exceedingly sinful, yet we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

"'4th. Remember that pride is the worst viper in the heart, the greatest disturber of the soul's peace and of sweet communion with Christ.

"'5th. If at any time you fall into doubts about the state of your soul, it is proper to review your past experience; but do not consume too much time and strength in this way. Rather apply yourself with all your might to an earnest pursuit after renewed experience, new light, and new lively acts of faith and love. One new discovery of the glory of Christ's face will do more towards scattering clouds of darkness in one minute, than examining old experiences, by the best marks that can be given, in a whole year.

"'6th. When you counsel and warn others, do it earnestly and affectionately and thoroughly.

"'7th. Do not let the adversaries of the cross have occasion to reproach religion on your account.

"'8th. In all your course, walk with God, and follow Christ as a little, poor, helpless child, keeping your eye on the marks of the wounds in his hands and side whence came the blood that cleanses you from sin, and hiding your nakedness under the skirt of the white and shining robe of his righteousness.'

"Said Mrs. Edwards: 'Oh, how good is it to work for God in the daytime, and at night to lie down under his smiles.'"

Her Portfolio.

[On opening Mrs. Greene's portfolio, after her decease, the first object that appeared, as if placed there to greet and comfort us, was the following printed "Leaflet." We insert it here, knowing that it comforted her in her afflictions, and because it is fitted to perform the same blessed office for the bleeding hearts which she has left behind.]

"THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED.

"I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

"No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

"I have reached the joys of heaven;
I am one of the sainted band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

"I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

"No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph is come.

"Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are waiting yet in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

"Do I forget? Oh, no;
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind *my* heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

"Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence it came.

"Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?

"Then why do your tears run down,
Why your hearts so sorely riven,
For another gem in a Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?"

Union Auxiliary of the Woman's Board.

[In January, 1879, Mrs. Greene was made the President* of the Union Auxiliary Society of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, in Lowell. On account of her feeble health she accepted the office with hesitancy; but she enjoyed the communion which this Society gave her, with warm Christian hearts, longing, as she longed, for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world. Writing in her journal, of one of the quarterly meetings, she says:]

"I read Isaiah lii: 7–10, and lvi: 6–8. Are not these joyous words? It was because of the *joy* in them that I read them at that time. We are entering upon another year's work for Christ, and I feel sure that we shall do it the best if we 'serve the Lord with gladness'; the *joy* of the Lord is our strength.

"Our Saviour's command to his disciples was to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

[* She was also the Vice-President of the Andover-Conference Auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.]

How beautifully the work is set before us here, 'bringeth good tidings,' 'publisheth peace,' 'bringeth good tidings of good,' 'publisheth salvation.' Had a message of death been committed to us, we might shrink from sending it. But it is a message of pardon, salvation, eternal life, that we are to bear to the waste places of the earth. And is it not a glad privilege? Shall we not this year ask, what *can* I, what *may* I do, not what *must* I do in this divine work?

"We see Isaiah looking into the future, and discerning events so clearly, that he speaks of them as already present—'The Lord *hath* comforted his people'; and I sometimes almost envy him his prophetic vision. But have not we, in our Christian *faith*, a lens equally powerful, when directed towards the things of God's kingdom? Here is the divine promise, 'All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.' Can we not believe it, and labor joyfully and earnestly the coming year?"

[She had made special arrangements for the quarterly meeting of the Society, in the Eliot Church, on Wednesday, April 6, 1881. Mrs. Harding, the wife of Rev. Charles Harding, missionary in India, was to be present and address the meeting. Mrs. Greene was a classmate of Mrs. Harding in Mount Holyoke Seminary, and a dear friend. They contemplated a pleasant visit of some days at that time. But seven days before the time of the meeting, the President of the Society was taken up higher, where she could see the works and ways of God more clearly than Isaiah saw them in "prophetic vision." The members of the Society, after recovering from their first astonishment, decided to hold the meeting as appointed, thinking that the departed one would not, if she could speak, suffer them to stay for a moment the blessed work in which they were engaged. At the request of the remaining officers of the Society, Mrs. James G. (Clara Gates) Buttrick, who had known Mrs. Greene a long time intimately, presented to the meeting the following "Memorial"; and the appended "Resolutions" were adopted.]

"MEMORIAL.

ENTERED INTO REST,

March 29, 1881.

MRS. LOUISA D. GREENE,

AGED 50.

"'Sometimes the Sculptor, whose workshop is the world, fuses many metals, and casts a noble statue, leaves it for humanity to criticise, and when time has mellowed both beauties and blemishes, removes it to that inner studio, there to be carved in enduring marble.'

"One of these noble ones has lately been removed by the Master's hand, and you have asked me to-day to lift the veil, that you may get a nearer view of the beauties that lie beneath.

"'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' Thus saith Holy Writ; and authorized by this word of permission, I feel that it may not be deemed amiss for me, as one who has been privileged to live with our departed sister in dear and intimate friendship, and to be strengthened and refreshed by her pure, elevating influence, to add another tribute of love and praise.

"Every day, yes, every hour, some silver cord is loosed, some golden bowl is broken, some one's life-work is accomplished; and when that work is *well* done, is it not meet that we should reverently pause, and catch the echoes which

'Roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever, and forever?'

"The object of these few words is not to picture an ideal character, but that we may more readily realize how one who was like ourselves, has, by keeping close to the Master, been able to adorn her life with the sweet

graces of the Gospel, and that we may take heart from her success, to press on, and ourselves attain unto more fulness in Him.

"I would not speak to noise abroad her many virtues, for from this her modest nature would shrink.

"Nor yet to minister comfort to the loving, devoted hearts who so safely trusted in her, for any words descriptive of her worth would sound but poor and cold in their ears.

"Nor yet alone that friendship should have one more opportunity to speak its love and sorrow; but that the sweet aroma of a life *well spent* may once more be borne back to our saddened hearts, breathing to us, and to all who hear, comfort, hope, and inspiration.

"The perfection of living is to do one's *whole duty*, with a single eye, and an unswerving faithfulness. And this she did. Her every act showed a completeness of character. In her was found that rare combination,— a mind of great intellectual vigor and grasp, a fine taste, a strong but subdued will, a sensitive conscience, exquisite tenderness and ardent affection, all harmoniously united with the practical abilities which every-day life demands.

"The head did not outrun the hands, leaving them useless; neither did the hands reduce the mind to their level. The heart, though overflowing with tenderness and devotion, did not bind captive the judgment; neither did the strong, intelligent will divorce the heart from all that was most truly womanly; but all worked as one accordant whole, making her, in every department of life, a strong tower unto which we might continually resort, sure of receiving just what was most needed.

"As wife, as mother, as friend, as Christian woman,

what duty has she left undone? Who shall paint her in the home-circle?

> ‘ ’T was just a womanly presence,
> An influence unexpressed.
> . . . . . .
> ‘ ’T was a smile, ’t was a garment’s rustle,
> ’T was nothing that I can phrase;
> But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
> And put on her looks and ways.’

Patient, gentle, brave, cheerful, self-sacrificing, spending and being spent gladly, that dear ones might profit thereby; hiding her children in the very ‘holy of holies’ of her heart, and there pleading with God for them, having no higher aim in life for them, as she expressed it, than that they might become missionaries, what wonder that they were guided and won to love best all that was good and true?

“She possessed a force of character, an unyielding energy, an executive ability, and large desires, strongly at variance with her delicate physical nature.

“As a friend, she seemed to lack nothing when once her friendship was won. She gave not only love, but what was greater, a strong, helpful, uplifting influence, that made one feel better and happier in her presence.

“True, discreet, liberal, cultured, and intelligent, in her one found an answering chord to any innocent mood.

“Her example was ever strong and decisive on the side of Christ and his cause. Prayerful, trusting, and devout, though unobtrusive, she ever carried her husband’s people on her heart, seeking their temporal and spiritual good.

“Even here she did not stop, but let her love and sympathy broaden and deepen until they embraced the whole world.

"While her hands wrought at their daily tasks, her mind was revolving plans for Christian work.

"The missionary field she loved to wander in, and study it in all its aspects, and even in the hour when she was called up higher, she was found, not ready and *waiting*, but ready and *working*, planning, even to her last hour upon earth, about her much loved missionary work.

"For her we rejoice with great joy, but for the dear home-circle, we can only pray. God help them, 'for vain is the help of man.' May they 'lean hard' on Him, and find peace and comfort in so living, that they shall themselves help to answer her ardent prayers for them.

"And the bereaved church, may she arise and shine as never before. May the mantle of the dear departed rest upon each member. May we of this Society, who have noted her burning desire for the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and her loyalty to every known duty, while cherishing her memory in our hearts, carry on more earnestly the work in which she so loved to engage.

"When the burden seems heavy to us, may we quiet ourselves with the cheering words:

'Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,

Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?'

C. G. B."

" RESOLUTIONS.

" WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in the out-working of His gracious providence, has been pleased to call from her labors our dearly loved sister, Mrs. Louisa D. Greene, the President of this Auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions; therefore,

" *Resolved*, That though our hearts are overborne with sadness at our loss, we will pray for grace to adopt her own language when in deep trouble: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the the Lord'; and that we will turn our eyes, not to the lonely spot where the weary body is at rest, but up to the heavenly mansion where she has found a home forever.

" *Resolved*, That in her departure, the missionary cause has, by reason of her warm love for the work, her earnest prayers, her clear judgment, and her unselfish devotion to its interests, lost a true friend, and our organization, a tried and faithful officer, — one whose example may well be set before us for sincere emulation; and that as friends and acquaintances, we have lost one whom to know was to love, and as Christians, one whose influence ever led us onward and upward.

" *Resolved*, That as a society, we desire to offer to the bereaved family our tenderest sympathy in their unspeakable loss, and to assure them that we shall find comfort in bearing them on our hearts before the Great Friend of the afflicted, ever asking Him to give them

'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon our records, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the stricken family.

ELIZABETH G. RICE,
Sec. Aux. W. B. M."

Testimony of a Classmate.

[Mrs. Lemuel (Helen M. French) Gulliver, of Somerville, during fifteen years a teacher in Mount Holyoke Seminary, and five years the honored Principal of that Institution, was a classmate there with Mrs. Greene. She gives us permission to quote from two of her letters written to us since Mrs. Greene's decease:]

"Her character seems to me one of rare symmetry and perfection. In our long and intimate friendship, I can recall no act or word which I could wish different. My highest wish for her daughters is that they may be like their mother; for her sons, that they may answer their mother's prayers."

"There is one year of her beautiful life of which I, perhaps, know more than you,—her senior year at Mount Holyoke. We were early introduced by your sister Lucretia, and then began a friendship which has been one of the great blessings of my life.

"Having been some years absent from the Seminary, Louisa entered the Senior Class a stranger. The class numbered nearly sixty, and there were many women of fine abilities and lovely character in it. In a very brief time Louisa took, unconsciously to herself, the first place among us. She made no effort for it. She had no

petty, personal ambition. She was, as always, simply being and doing her best for Christ. The class showed its appreciation of her by desiring to make her Class President. She declined the honor, believing it should be given to one who had been a member of the class from its first year. So highly was she valued and loved, it was a disappointment to the Faculty that her services as teacher could not be secured for the Seminary after graduating."

Rev. Asa Bullard's Letter.

[Among the many letters of sympathy received from friends was the following, from Rev. Asa Bullard, for many years the Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath-school Society and the editor of *The Wellspring*. He has for twenty-three years occasionally spent a Sabbath with us, always much to our pleasure and profit, and his letter is given here as being both a model of its kind and as a testimony to what our loved, departed one made her home.]

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., *April* 7, 1881.

"*My Dear Brother Greene:*

"My heart is deeply pained to learn, as it did yesterday, of your great bereavement, in the sudden decease of your dear wife. As I was sitting alone this evening in my study, I thought how dreadful the shock must be. So sudden! And such a good wife! And such a mother!

"What a light she was in your home! And what a rich place her presence made it!

"My dear Brother, my heart aches for you and your now motherless children. May that gracious hand that has caused the grief, give you the grace and strength

you need to bear it. He, the good Father, does not willingly afflict or grieve us. He knows our frame, and how much we need the help He only can give.

"You and your children are now brought into a *new* relation to God. There are most precious promises that now, for the first time, have become appropriate to your case. God is the 'God of the widow and a Father of the fatherless.' That applies, of course, not less to a bereaved husband than to a bereaved wife, and to motherless children as well as to the fatherless.

"May He be a God and Father to you and your children.

"As I think of you, bowed down under this heavy blow, I feel like sitting down by your side, as did the friends of Job, and not opening my mouth. What *can* I say? What do *I* know of such an affliction? How poor my words of sympathy must seem!

"Ever since my last very pleasant visit at your dear home, some time ago, I have often, often thought of you and your family, so happy and so dear to each other; and I do most sincerely feel with you this affliction. She made your home a sweet and sacred spot to all within it. She presided there with a rare motherly dignity and grace. My prayer, my dear Brother, shall be that our Saviour may enable you to see and feel that his precious words are true, 'My grace *is* sufficient for you'—not *shall be*, but *is*.

"Please remember me most kindly to your dear children. May they more and more tenderly love each other and their remaining parent. May this bereavement bind all your hearts more closely to each other, and may you all walk more fervently and joyously with God.

"Yours, in Christian sympathy and love,

ASA BULLARD."